A SWORD OF HONOR.

It Was the Means of Bringing Marshal Ney to Death.

A saber of honor brought Marshal Ney to dishonor and death. When Napoleon entered Cairo on the 22d of July, 1793, he was presented with three swords of honor richly inlaid with precious stones. He brought them back to Europe, and in 1802 he gave one to Ney and another to Murat, keeping the third for himself. Ney received his at an imperial reception. The sword passed from one to another of those present, among whom was a young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment. When Napoleon escaped from Elbe, Ney left the king and took sides with his former chief. After the allies entered Paris, Ney made preparations to get out of the country, but his wife and a friend persuaded him that there was really no danger, and he decided to remain in France. Then came the order for his arrest. He fled to a castle in the possession of some friends and succeeded in reaching it without his presence being known. One day, feeling tired, he threw himself on a couch, first taking off his oriental sword, which he always wore out of affection for the emperor. Hearing voices, he sprang up and hurriedly left the room, forgetting his sword. A minute later a party of women and men entered the room, one of them being the young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment, now a colonel. He at once recognized the sword and, calling in some gendarmes, proceeded to search the premises. Finding that he was discovered, Ney gave himself up quietly. On Dec. 7, 1815, the marshal, whose sobriquet was the Bravest of the Brave, the hero of a hundred battles, was shot. Scarcely two months after the owner of the second sword, Murat, had met his fate in the same way.

An Alliterative Poem on Pigs.

One of the book collectors of Philadelphia has in his library a volume of Latin jokes that was printed in Germany in 1703, says the Philadelphia Record. The name of this volume is "Nugæ Venales," and it contains a poem 300 lines long wherein every word—every single word—begins with the letter "p."

Even the title page of the poem contains only "p's." It reads:

"Pugna Porcorum, per Publium Porcium, Poetam" ("The Battle of the Pigs," by Publius Porcius, poet).

Here are two lines of the poem that show how strange alliteration, so heavily laid on, appears:

Perlege porcorum pulcherrima proelia, potor:
Potando poteris placidam proferre poesim.

Almost incredible is the patience that must have been required to compose this work of 1,500 words, every one of which begins with a "p."

Spoiling a Tragedy.

Among theatrical anecdotes a time honored chestnut is that which belongs to the tent scene in "Richard III." The story is told of Barry Sullivan, to whom it probably occurred. Anyhow the narrator has thrown in a repartee that is characteristic enough of the famous Irish tragedian.

"Who's there?" exclaims Richard at the conclusion of his dreaming. Catesby in his excitement stammered out his answer and abruptly stopped in the middle of his phrase, "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock."

Sullivan surveyed the bewildered aspect of the officer for a few seconds with a sardonic grin, as if enjoying the actor's agony, and then growled in an audible tone, "Then why the mischief don't you crow?"

Sand Dunes In Gascony.

One of the most interesting and remarkable of the many regions for the observation of sand dunes lies between Bordeaux and Bayonne, in Gascony. The sea here throws every year upon the beach, along a line of 100 miles in length, some 5,000,000 cubic yards of sand.

The prevailing westerly winds continue picking up the surface particles from the westward slope, whirl them over to the inward slope, where they are again deposited, and the entire ridge by this means alone moves gradually inward. In the course of years there has thus been formed a complex system of dunes, all approximately parallel with the coast and with one another and of all altitudes up to 250 feet.

These are marching steadily inward at a rate of from three to six feet a year, whole villages having sometimes been torn down to prevent burial and rebuilt at a distance.

Beautiful Tree Snakes.

Among the most attractive of the many kinds of serpents are the delicate and beautiful tree snakes (dendrophis), which very rarely descend to the ground, as they find food enough among the birds and those frogs and lizards which also dwell in trees. The graceful form of the body, the elegance and rapidity of their movements and the exquisite beauty of their colors have excited the lively admiration of those who have had the good fortune to watch them in their native haunts. The larger kinds attain to a length of over five feet. They are frequently adorned with the brightest colors, green being, however, generally the prevailing tint. They are active by day.

Saw the Whole of It.

Alexander weeping because the world was so small has a counterpart in an old inhabitant of Luss, a pretty little village on Loch Lomond side, Scotland, who at last has been persuaded to climb the mountain which has filled so large a part of his horizon all the days of his life. In Luss he has lived, as his fathers lived before him, and from Luss he has never had the ambition to journey, even as far as Glasgow. But some one got him to the top of Ben Lomond the other day.

"Eh, mon," said he, with great self congratulation, "but the world's a big place when ye come to view the whole of it!"

Realistic.

He—I had a realistic dream last night.

She—Indeed! What was it?

"Oh, I dreamed I had proposed to you and you had turned me over to your father."

"Yes, yes. And what did father say?"

"Oh, I don't know. I only know I woke up and found myself on the floor."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not to Be Endured.

"Deah boy, is it true that you have discharged your valet?"

"Ya-as, the scoundrel! When I took him out with me, he managed to make people think he was the mastah and I was the man, baw Jove!"—Exchange.

Helping the Batter.

Mistress (in surprise)—Why did you place the alarm clock by the buckwheat batter?

Nora—So it would know what time to rise, mum.—Chicago News.

Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.—Hugo.

LOCATING JOHN.

The Fate of a Tiger Hunter and His Return Home.

A story is told of a young man named John P., who, being in poor health, went to India. His family had instructed him not to spare expense, but to cable three times a week how he was and what he was doing. The first cable message ran:

Am well. Have native guide, Inja. Hunt tigers tomorrow.

The next communication did not arrive till two weeks later. It was this:

John dead. Killed. Tiger. What do?
INJA.

Back went the tearful message:

Send on body.

A month later there was delivered to the keeper of the receiving vault of M. cemetery a box or coffin so large and heavy that it might have been the home of a second Cardiff Giant. Suspicion having been aroused, a permit was secured and the sealed coffin opened. To the consternation of those present there lay the body of a magnificent Bengal tiger resting on white satin. The following message was soon racing across the Atlantic:

Some mistake. Some mistake. You send a tiger. Where is John?

The following information was soon received:

No mistake. No mistake. John inside tiger!

THROWING AN OLD SHOE.

This Curious Wedding Custom Is of French Origin.

The origin of the curious custom of throwing an old shoe after a newly married pair for luck has been traced back to a French peasant origin by a young man interested in folklore and quaint customs. In southern France, after the wedding ceremony, the girl is escorted to her new home by her girl friends and left alone. The young husband, also in the hands of his friends, is next led to a point a couple of hundred yards away from the dwelling, where a halt is made. Then the girl's rejected suitor, if there be such a one, arms himself with an old sabot, or wooden shoe, while the bridegroom, ducking his head, makes a dash for the house. The disgruntled suitor throws as hard and as true as possible, and the crowd cheers or derides, according to the success of the shot. A wooden shoe is a formidable missile in the hands of an angry swain, and the bridegroom is justified in having some misgivings as he sees his defeated rival practicing in anticipation of the wedding day. Just think, says the searcher into folklore, how great a relief it would be, even in this country, to take a crack at the fellow who had done you out of your best girl without having the police step in! Over in France the custom has a wider meaning. It signifies that the last ill feeling is thus thrown away, and it is the depth of disgrace for the man who has thrown the shoe to harbor any further malice against the young couple.

A Trying Moment.

She was a nice little cousin from the country, and she had come to a city luncheon given by some swell friends, says a New York paper. She was having a beautiful time and chatting away merrily when the salad course came on, and the butler passed a small cream cheese. It was on a doily placed on a flat plate, and a silver knife lay by it.

The country cousin was busy talking, and without an instant's hesitation she took the plate, cheese and all, and set it down by her own salad plate. The butler gave a decorously repressed start of horror, the other guests began to talk very fast and the little cousin, suddenly appreciating what she had done, turned scarlet and sat and gazed at that cheese in dumb agony and wished she could die then and there.

But the hostess, who sat by her, said, gently putting the action to the word:

"Do let me cut you a piece of the cheese."

And then the plate was passed on, and everybody began to breathe once more. But the cousin didn't speak again for ten minutes.

A Heaven on Earth.

The ancient mogul buildings in the palace of the kings of Delhi are marvels of beauty. Two of these—the Diwan-i-am, or hall of public audience, and the Diwan-i-khas, or hall of private audience—were built by the Emperor Shah Jahan about two and a half centuries ago, when the mogul style of architecture had reached its most decorative period. The smaller of the two, the Diwan-i-khas, is famous for its jewel-like finish, and it is round the walls of this apartment that the Persian inscription runs, "If there is a heaven on earth, it is this." The larger hall contains the great mogul throne. Both buildings are of marble inlaid with designs in precious stones.

A Turtle Race.

"One of the most curious races I ever saw," writes a correspondent of the London Tatler, "was on Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's lawn at Hamburg. Some seven children mounted on the backs of large turtles or tortoises raced across the lawn. To give impetus to their queer steeds most of them armed themselves with cabbages, which they tied to the end of sticks, ever and anon dangling them as tempting morsels in front of the turtles. It was a strange race and occupied some time. Every now and then a turtle would grasp a piece of cabbage and then quietly eat it before resuming its journey."

Quoting Her Own Words.

Mother (sternly)—Willie, you took some of these preserves from the pantry.

Willie (shrewdly)—Oh, who told you that?

Mother—No one told me. I suspected it! Now, tell the truth! Didn't you?

Willie—Ma, "children should be seen and not heard."—Philadelphia Press.

First Gathering of Labor Agitators.

"Of course you have read of the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel?"

"A gathering of labor agitators, I suppose. No; I haven't read it. Tell the truth, I'm not interested in trades unions."—Boston Transcript.

Be Ready.

Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at the bottom to know how to die.

His Clerical Robes.

"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties."

"That ain't anything. Our minister wears his nightclothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some plants are affected by chloroform just as animals are. The sensitive plant loses its irritability in air charged with chloroform vapor.

THE TARTAR CUE.

Said to Be Worn Out of Gratitude to the Horse.

Herbert Allen Giles in "China and the Chinese" says that there are strange misconceptions as to the meaning of the Chinese cue, which has really been worn by that nation for only about 250 years.

It was imposed by the Mantchoo Tartars, the present rulers of China, as a badge of conquest. Previous to 1644 the Chinese clothed themselves and dressed their hair like the modern Japanese—that is, like the Japanese who still wear what is incorrectly known as the "beautiful native dress of Japan." As a matter of fact, the Japanese borrowed their dress as well as their literature, philosophy and early art from the Chinese. The Japanese dress is that of the Ming period in China, 1368 to 1644.

But where did the Mantchoo Tartars get the cue? They depended as a race almost for their existence upon the horse. The accepted theory is that out of gratitude and respect for his noble ally the Tartar, so far as he could, took on himself the equine form and grew a cue in imitation of a horse's tail. This somewhat grotesque theory might fall to the ground save that it is supported by striking evidence.

Official coats as seen in China at the present day are made with peculiar sleeves, shaped like a horse's leg and ending in an unmistakable hoof, covering the hand, which are known as "horseshoe sleeves." Incased therein a Chinaman's arms look much like a horse's fore legs. The tail completes the picture.

Coffee Chewing.

"Coffee chewing," says a doctor, "is a habit easily contracted, for the taste of the crisp roasted berries is not unpleasant, and the exhilaration, the stimulus, that the berries give is quite as marked as that which would be obtained from a glass or two of beer or from a drink of whisky.

"It is this exhilaration, I am convinced, that causes the habit to be formed and that makes it a hard habit to break away from. It should be broken away from. Its effects are highly injurious. They are more injurious than those of tobacco chewing.

"The coffee chewing habit wrecks the nerves, it makes the skin sallow and it destroys the appetite. I have had occasion to treat a number of men for it. I always advise such men to break off by imperceptible degrees; to give three or four months to the task. Some succeed and some do not. Men who work in coffee plants find it almost impossible to succeed."—New York Tribune.

When Ice Covered Europe.

During the long tertiary epoch, when opossums disported themselves on the site of Paris and mastodons tramped along the valley of the Thames, the earth was in the throes of mountain making. The Alps, the Himalayas, the Alleghanies, the Andes, attest the power of her activity in those days. At their termination our continents stood greatly higher than they do now, and this aided their glaciation, although it does not fully account for it.

But as they became loaded with ice Europe and America gradually, and we may venture to say contemporaneously, sank. This was inevitable. Owing to the extreme heat and pressure prevailing in its interior the earth is an eminently elastic body. Its surface actually bulges in or out with a very slight increase or decrease of the load upon it.—Edinburgh Review.

Not In His Seat.

A certain congressman was very busy at his desk in the house one morning when a page announced, "A gentleman in the lobby to see you, sir." "Tell him I'm not in my seat," said the congressman after looking at the card. The boy, a sturdy looking chap, did not move. "But you are in your seat, sir," he answered in matter of fact tones, "and I can't say you are not." The congressman looked at the lad angrily, but, seeing that he was in earnest, moved into the vacant chair of his neighbor. "Now tell him I'm not in my seat." "Yes, sir," said the boy briskly and went to deliver the message.

Effect of Chloroform on Chinamen.

It takes a very large dose of chloroform to anæsthetize the Chinaman. He passes under its influence more slowly and rarely shows the excitement often characteristic of the initial stage of anæsthesia. Still more rarely does he suffer from sickness on his return to consciousness. This greater apathy of nature helps to recovery from severe accidents and operations.—London Hospital.

Tennyson's Memory.

Tennyson when a young man had a strong liking for Gray and classed him and Burns as the two greatest lyric poets of any age or country. He much loved some of Burns' poetry. But before all Tennyson placed his Bible. He had also a great liking for Dante's "Inferno" and knew it line for line. He would boast in his pleasant way that if any one read one line he could give the next from memory, and he invariably did it.

An Effusive Combination.

Waggsby—Gracious! If young Gotrox and Miss Blublud are so fortunate as to have their marriage blessed with children, the rising generation will be terrible talkers.

Naggsby—Why so?

Waggsby—Why, if "money talks" and "blood will tell," their progeny will inherit two mighty strong inducements to be communicative.—Baltimore American.

Silk Adulteration.

This country is not the only one where unconsidered trifles are snapped up by manufacturers and put to practical use. In China the down of the thistle is gathered and mixed with raw silk so ingeniously that even experts are deceived when the fabric is woven. It is also used to stuff cushions as a substitute for eiderdown, and a very good substitute it makes.

Eve Employed None.

He thought the mothers of the day were inclined to shirk their proper responsibility, and he was arguing against the employment of a maid for the children.

"Eve," he said, "had no nursegirl."

"And Cain went wrong," she replied promptly.—Chicago Post.

Between Friends.

Miss Elderleigh—I'll let you into a secret if you'll promise not to tell it.

Miss Younger—All right.

Miss Elderleigh—I'm engaged.

Miss Younger—Oh, fudge! Suppose I do tell it? No one will believe it.—Chicago News.

Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands 13,950 feet high, is the highest mountain which rises directly from the sea.

CAUSES OF INDIGESTION.

How Certain Ills Which Affect the Stomach Become Chronic.

The causes of chronic indigestion are manifold, but usually and almost always in the beginning, even when the stomach finally becomes actually diseased, the condition is due to improper eating. It may not be that the sufferer eats too much, although very many people who are not gluttons do that, but he eats improperly. One who suffers from dyspepsia or who wishes to avoid such suffering should remember that the stomach cannot do all the work of digestion. Before it enters the stomach the food must be finely divided and mixed with the saliva, which is as certainly a digestive fluid as is the gastric juice. Gladstone, it is said, used to chew every mouthful of food thirty-two times, one for each tooth, before he swallowed it.

Long mastication of the food is useful in many ways. In the first place, it should appeal to all who delight in the pleasures of the table, for if the food is savory it is tasted longer and better when well chewed. Again, long mastication mixes the food well with the saliva and begins its digestion, and this sweetens the starchy food and improves its taste. Finally, if one eats slowly, he will have less time to eat much, and hunger is appeased and a feeling of satiety is attained before the stomach can become overloaded.

While one is chewing, the food should be moved from side to side of the mouth that the admixture with the saliva may be more thorough.

Too much fluid should not be taken with the meal, but it is not a wise plan to take none, as is sometimes recommended. The gastric juice should not be too much diluted, but if the food is well moistened the juice acts better and more rapidly. One glass of water with a meal is about the right amount. Cool water, moreover, in moderate quantity stimulates the secretion of gastric juice, and a wineglassful of ice water taken before the meal gives a fillip to the appetite without any of the drawbacks of liquor.

If in spite of all precautions chronic indigestion persists, one should try the experiment of eating only one kind of food at a meal—meat, fish or eggs, without bread and potatoes, or bread and butter without animal food. The stomach which rebels at a mixed meal will often do its work satisfactorily if offered only one article of food at a time.—Youth's Companion.

The Autocrat of All the Russias.

No one can grasp the fundamental state of things in Russia without realizing that there the will of the czar is as the will of God. His land and his subjects are his, to dispose of as he may. In a Russian battle not so long ago the artillery, imperatively needed in front, was stopped by a deep ditch. The soldiers flung themselves in until the ditch was full, and the artillery galloped over their bodies.

In the world of business it is quite the same. A Russian administrator was discussing with Sir Henry Norman the military capabilities of the Transsiberian railway, and Norman said:

"There wouldn't be rolling stock enough to convey masses of troops in a short time."

"Every engine and carriage in Russia would be put there if necessary," was the answer.

"But that would disorganize the whole commerce of the country and bring tens of thousands to ruin."

"You don't understand," said the official. "If the czar gave the word to take every railway carriage in Russia and run it across the Siberian railway and throw it into the China sea at the end, who should prevent him?"

A Cent a Year Salary.

The government pays the magnificent salary of 1 cent a year to Maurice Proctor for carrying the mail between Dodgeville and Mineral Point.

Mr. Proctor operates a stage line between the two cities, and he makes a good income from the passenger service.

Recently he closed a contract with the government for three years, agreeing to carry the mail one way each day, and his bid was 3 cents for that period of time. He is to receive his salary in three installments of 1 cent each. He recently received his check for his salary last year, but he is not going to cash it until he is in need of money.

The distance between Dodgeville and Mineral Point is eight miles. Mr. Proctor is very proud over the responsibility of having the United States mail in his care and enjoys the distinction of drawing the smallest salary on record. He also feels confident that if the government should desire to retrench no effort would be made to cut his salary.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Senate Roll.

The mutability of the United States senate is well illustrated by a musty roll call discovered last week. It was used Jan. 31, 1877, some twenty-six years ago. The roll shows seventy-five names. Of these but five are now members of the senate—Allison, Cockrell, Jones of Nevada, Mitchell and Teller. Allison and Cockrell are the only ones who have served continuously since that date. On the roll call are the names of Bayard, Blaine, Burnside, Conkling, Frelinghuysen, Hamlin, Ingalls, Logan, McDonald, Morrill, Oglesby, Saulsbury, Sharon, Sherman, Thurman and Windom.

Dr. Parker's Rejoinder.

A gentleman who was discussing with the late Dr. Parker the problem of a future existence exclaimed: "The fact is, sir, I am an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank God for that," Dr. Parker replied as he showed his companion the door.—London Express.

A Horned Snake.

A very handsome species of snake is the rhinoceros viper, which bears, as its name suggests, horns on its nose. It is most beautifully colored when freshly emerging from its cast skin, but its form is by no means elegant, being very thick in body, with a bulldoglike head. It may attain a length of more than six feet and is a very deadly animal.—Quarterly Review.

Unsympathetic.

"This is a cold, unfeeling world," he remarked bitterly.

"Ha!" returned his companion. "You, too, have heard the ribald laugh when you slipped on a banana skin, have you?"

Simple.

Ethel—A sixteen page letter from George! Why, what on earth does he say?

Mabel—He says he loves me.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Organ grinders in Vienna are not allowed to play in the morning or evening—only between midday and sunset.

LAST OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Few Traces of the Community In the East End of London.

When Princess Charlotte entered London for her marriage with King George and the coronation revels which followed it, she passed from Whitechapel to Islington through a prosperous French section known as Spitalfields. It was the settlement of the Huguenot refugees, who carried their industries as well as their religion from France and planted mulberry trees in large gardens where silkworms could be fed on home grown leaves.

The descendants of these weavers were rich and prosperous in the days of George III., and they lived in fine old houses with oak paneled rooms and high latticed windows close under the eaves, where they could have light for working their looms. There were as many as a dozen Huguenot churches in the east end of London during the Georgian reigns, and when the beautiful Spitalfields church was built, with its lofty spire, its bell early after sunrise and again at curfew was the signal for thousands of industrious weavers to begin or end their labors for the day. The industry has disappeared, the houses have fallen into decay and the gardens are neglected. Spitalfields has lost its French aspect and been converted into a swarming ghetto.

In order to find a distinct trace of the Huguenot community, which had so honorable a history in the east end, one must now go farther out in Hackney and visit the French Protestant hospital near Victoria park. It is a beautiful modern structure designed in imitation of an old time French chateau, and it stands in spacious, well kept grounds which offer a marked contrast to the ordinary east end environment. The institution owes its origin to a bequest made by a French Huguenot refugee two centuries ago and to liberal contributions from weavers and merchants in London. Work was begun near Peerless Pool, in the northern suburbs, where a hospital for poor French Protestants and their descendants was opened and was long known affectionately among the refugees as La Providence. When the growth of suburban London rendered the old site ineligible, the second building was constructed forty years ago and is now the refuge of about sixty aged pensioners of Huguenot descent.—Detroit Free Press.

Venezuelan Hospitality.

During a recent visit to Caracas a member of parliament says that he was accorded interviews with several of the leading members of the Venezuelan government, who showed him every courtesy and gave a dinner in his honor. That night, shortly after he retired at a late hour, he was awakened from his sleep by a noise in his room and saw, as he thought, one of his hosts disappear through the bedroom window leading to the veranda. Concluding that this was a polite custom of the country, the visitor returned to sleep, but in the morning he found that he had been robbed. The Englishman went straight to the seat of government and complained to one of the ministers, who expressed his dismay and was thereupon informed that the person seen in the room bore a resemblance to himself. "Very strange," replied the minister, "for there is no one alive who resembles me." "In that case," rejoined his visitor dryly, "you should have no difficulty in securing the restoration of my property." Later in the day the Englishman discovered an anonymous package upon his room table. Opening the cover, he found all the missing articles save his gold edged cigar case and one of his fob charms, a little goddess in diamonds and emeralds.

Nature's Monument to Washington.

Among the many monuments to Washington is the one which every visitor to the Cape Verde islands will remember as one of the most colossal and marvelous freaks of natural sculpture in existence. Along the farther side of the harbor of San Vicente, the principal town, rises a bold ridge of dark gray volcanic rocks, the crest of which forms an exact likeness of our immortal George, seemingly lying face upward, as if in a peaceful sleep.

The hero's large, bold features, the backward wave of the hair, his massive shoulders and even the frill of the shirt front are all reproduced on a gigantic scale with wonderful exactness. The strange monument, sharply outlined against the deep blue of the tropical sky, is one of the first objects that meet one's eye in approaching the island. Its gigantic proportions, with the boundless ocean for a background, form a portrait wonderfully true to nature and overpowering in its magnificence.

Tonsilitis.

An attack of tonsilitis can usually be warded off by painting the inflamed tonsil with tincture of iodine. If you are unsuccessful in the attempt and the tonsils ulcerate, swab them at once with guaiacum and repeat in five or six hours. This I learned from a well known throat specialist of St. Louis, and I find I can almost always recover without the services of my physician.—Good Housekeeping.

Too Smart.

"It does not always pay to be too smart," said a lawyer. "At our boarding house a new waitress was employed, and a young chap asked her what he should call her.

"'Call me Pearl,' she said.

"'Are you the pearl of great price?' he asked.

"'No,' answered the girl. 'I guess I am the pearl that was cast before swine.'"—New York Times.

Wanted to Pay.

Very much indebted customer enters a butcher's shop, remarking, "I'll take a leg of mutton, and I want to pay for it."

"All right," replies the butcher, handing forth the meat, which customer takes and starts to go. "Look here," cries the butcher, "I thought you said you wanted to pay for it?"

"So I do," was the reply, "but I can't."—London Telegraph.

Disinterested Friendship.

The majority of men recognize nothing in human affairs as good unless it yields some return, and they love those friends most—as they do their cattle—from whom they hope to obtain the most profit. Thus they lack that loveliest and most natural form of friendship which is sought for its own sake only, nor do they know from experience how beautiful and how lofty such friendship is.

Happy Day.

"What are you writing?" asked the freshman.

"Just dropping a line to my governor, wishing him many happy returns of the day," replied the sophomore.

"Why, is this his birthday?"

"No; pay day. He sent me a check this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

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Nassawadox....		c10 05	11 30	6 44
Exmore..........		c10 15	11 38	6 52
Mappsburg......		c10 22	f11 45	6 57
Keller...........		c10 29	11 50	7 04
Melfa............		c10 35	f11 55	7 08
Only.............		c10 42	f12 03	7 12
Tasley...........		10 48	12 09	7 16
Parksley........		c11 00	12 20	7 25
Bloxom..........		c11 07	f12 27	7 31
Hallwood........		c11 15	12 35	7 38
Bloomtown.....		c11 19	f12 38	7 42
Oak Hall........		c11 24	f12 42	7 45
Day Siding....				f7 47
New Church....		c11 31	12 51	7 53
Pocomoke......	6 25	11 46	1 06	8 04
Costen..........	6 30			f8 14
King's Creek..	6 40		1 21	8 22
Princess Anne	7 00	12 10	1 26	8 35
Loretto.........	7 05			f8 42
Eden............	7 10			8 49
Fruitland........	7 18			8 55
Salisbury........	7 35	12 35	1 46	9 39
B.C. & A. Jun.	7 43			9 40
Delmar..........	7 53	12 55	2 04	9 55
Arrive....	A.M.	A.M	P.M.	P.M.

Arrive..........		P.M.	A.M.	
Baltimore (Union Station)........		6 17	6 48	
Wilmington........		4 15	5 00	
Phila. (Broad St. Station)........		5 10	5 44	
Trenton........				
Newark........				
New York(P. R. R.		8 00	8 15	

SOUTHWARD

	97 N.Y. Norfolk Exp.	89 Old Point Exp.	81 C.C. Acco.
Leave..........	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
New York(P. R. R.	8 55	7 55	
Newark........	8 32		
Trenton........	9 50		
Phila. (Broad St. Station)........	11 21	10 16	
Wilmington........	12 04	10 58	
Baltimore (Union Station)........	7 53	9 00	

Leave.....	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A. M.
Delmar...........	11 37	3 00	1 40	7 30
B.C. & A. Jun.	11 49			7 45
Salisbury........	11 51	3 10	1 50	7 50
Fruitland........	12 01			8 00
Eden............	12 06			8 06
Loretto..........	f12 11			f8 11
Princess Anne.	12 20	3 28	2 07	8 18
King's Creek...	12 35		2 10	8 24
Costen..........	12 50			f8 33
Pocomoke........	12 55	3 47	2 25	8 45
New Church ..		b3 57	2 35	8 55
Day Siding....				f9 00
Oak Hall.........			f2 42	9 02
Bloomtown.....		b4 07	f2 46	9 06
Hallwood........		b4 12	2 53	9 09
Bloxom..........		b4 19	f2 59	9 15
Parksley..........		b4 27	3 07	9 20
Tasley..........		4 35	3 17	9 30
Only.............		b4 38	f3 20	9 34
Melfa............			f3 26	9 40
Keller...........		b4 48	3 32	9 45
Mappsburg......		b4 53	f3 37	9 50
Exmore..........		b4 58	3 44	9 56
Nassawadox.....		b5 04	3 52	10 01
Bird's Nest......		b5 09	3 58	10 06
Machipongo.....		b5 14	f4 03	10 11
Eastville.........		b5 20	4 10	10 17
Cobbs...........		b5 27		f10 22
Cheriton........		b5 30	f4 20	10 25
Bayview.......				f10 29
Cape Charles....		5 50	4 30	10 45
O. P. Comfort.		7 40	6 30	
Norfolk..........		8 45	7 35	
Portsmouth.....		9 05	7 45	
Arrive.....	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A. M.

"f" Stops for passengers on signal or notice to conductor.

"c" Stops only to let off passengers from Cape Charles and points South, and take on passengers for points North of Delmar.

"b" Stops only to let off passengers from points North of Delmar, and take on passengers for Cape Charles and points South.

Trains 97 and 82 will stop at all stations on Sunday for local passengers, on signal or notice to conductor.

R. B. Cooke, Traffic Manager, Norfolk, Va.
J. G. Rodgers, Supt. Cape Charles, Va.